

Histories

My parents' time,
with the cars so
black and square,

like huge stoves.
Did my mother wear
a Flapper's dress?

I think not, but
neared it coyly, some-
how, my father got her

into the speaks. And they
danced to ragtime, drank
and smoked. At parties, gin

got made in bathtubs
and everyone chipped in

to pay someone's rent.
Crooners cracked

their voices
and hearts filled more-

so than my time,
than now.